

BLOODLINE

DAUGHTER OF **BLADE**

MARVEL

5

LORE
DARBOE
PETER



DARBOE
23

Brielle Brooks always tries to do the right thing (even though it always gets her in trouble). And since discovering that her father is Blade, the legendary half-human, half-vampire monster hunter—and inheriting his superhuman strength, reflexes and senses—the stakes have gotten much higher for...

BLOODLINE

DAUGHTER OF BLADE



Brielle's mother, Safron, and Blade were abducted by a clone of Blade's vampire progenitor, Deacon Frost. Meanwhile, Bri learned that Whitney, the new girl at school who's been antagonizing her, is part of Frost's surrogate family. But as Frost attempted to use Blade's blood to empower his followers, he realized he'd need Brielle's instead. Allowing Safron to escape, Frost sent his minions to follow her...right to his new prey!

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I WENT TO SCHOOL, AND WHITNEY HAD YOUR PHONE, SHE KNEW WHO TOOK YOU--

--BUT THEN THERE WERE COPS, AND I THOUGHT IF THEY TOOK ME BACK HOME, THEY'D SEE WHAT HAPPENED, SEE ALL THE BLOOD, AND--

--I'M IN A LOT OF TROUBLE, MOM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT. I KNOW WHATEVER HAPPENED, YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET SOME SCHOOL NONSENSE HURT YOU.





I'M JUST HAPPY TO HOLD YOU AGAIN, BABY GIRL.

I LOVE YOU, MOM.

HEY, WHERE'S DAD? HE'S NOT...?

HE'S ALIVE, BUT DEACON STILL--

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MS. CAULDER--



--BUT I THINK SOME OF US NEED SOME CATCHING UP ON...EVERYTHING.

ARE YOU OKAY, MS. CAULDER? AND, BRI, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHITNEY HAD HER PHONE?



...BRI?

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE? WHY WOULD WHITNEY DO ANY OF THIS TO YOU?

IT'S A LOT TO EXPLAIN. I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN.

IF I KNOW YOU AND REBECCA, I'D RECOMMEND QUICK AND BLUNT, HONEY.

OKAY, WELL, THEN. ~~INHALE~~



--AND THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN SO WEIRD THE PAST FEW MONTHS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING WITH THESE BIZARRE POWERS, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO DRAG YOU INTO IT, REBECCA.

BUT NOW IT'S ALL SPIRALING OUT OF MY CONTROL. I'M SORRY.



BRI, ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU WERE GOING THROUGH ALL OF THIS WITHOUT FILLING ME IN? THAT'S WHY YOU WERE ACTING LIKE THE SUN SHONE OUTTA WHITNEY'S-- YOU KNOW WHAT, LEMME NOT.

OHHHH... UGH...



UGHHHH...

MOM!

YOU'RE INJURED? I KNOW WE'VE GOT SOME FIRST AID HERE WITH THE WEAPONS AND--

NO TIME...



DEACON FROST HAS YOUR FATHER AND IS TRYING TO DO SOME KIND OF...UGH... POWER RITUAL.

WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.

WHITNEY CALLED FROST AT SCHOOL. HE'S HER MENTOR OR... FOSTER DAD?



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ME AND DAD TRAIN HERE. I KNOW WE'VE GOT OUR TRAINING WEAPONS, MAYBE SOMETHING MORE...



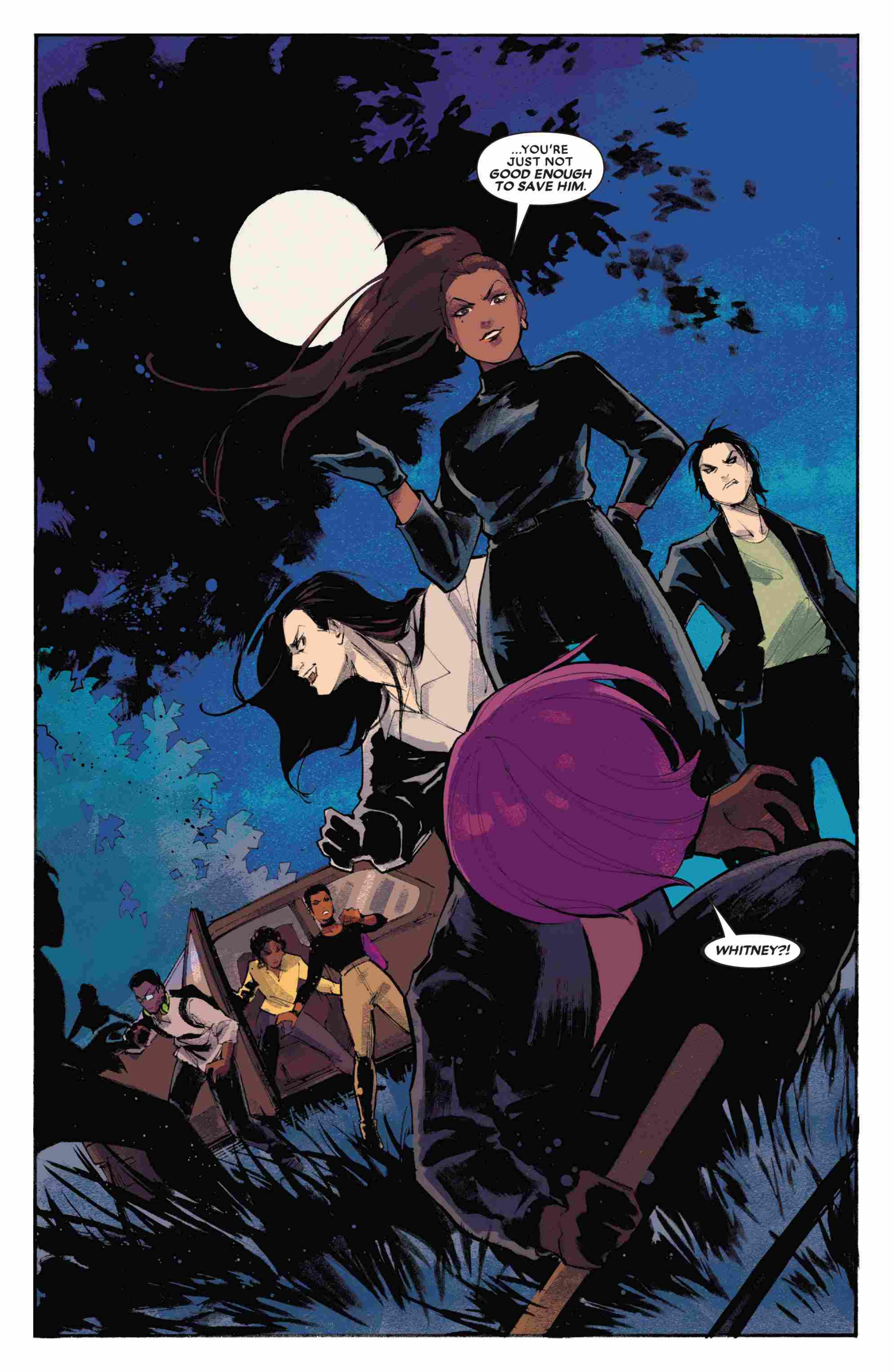
WE ARE NOT ARMING UP TO FIGHT. WE ARE GETTING OUT OF HERE.

YOU KNOW I DON'T RUN FROM A FIGHT, BUT IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THIS IS ONE WE WIN, BRI.



I CAN'T ABANDON MY DAD TO SOME WEIRDO. ESPECIALLY NOT AFTER HE PUT HIS HANDS ON MY MOM.

DON'T THINK OF IT AS ABANDONING BLADE, BRIELLE...



...YOU'RE
JUST NOT
GOOD ENOUGH
TO SAVE HIM.

WHITNEY?!



MS. CAULDER!
WATCH OUT!

AAAAAH!



GET YOUR
HANDS OFF OF--
YEOW!

STOP
WORRYING ABOUT
HER--



--WHEN
YOU'RE PLENTY
OCCUPIED!

NO!



≠HSSSSSS≠



EASY
MEAT!

REBECCA!
MS. CAULDER!
GET DOWN!



GET
AWAY FROM
THEM!



YOU
CAN'T SAVE
THEM FROM
HERE--

TRY
ME.



GEEZ!

B-BRI, YOU
STABBED--



YOU ARE
A PARTICULARLY
FRUSTRATING BEAST,
AREN'T YOU?

GET MY
MOM OUT
OF HERE!



ON IT!

N-NO, LET
GO OF ME, I'M
NOT LEAVING MY
BABY GIRL...

STAY IN THE
CAR, MS. CAULDER!
YOU'RE TOO
INJURED.

BESIDES,
I'M TIRED OF
LISTENING TO
BRI WHEN SHE'S
GOT A BAD
IDEA.



IT'S TIME
TO BE THERE
FOR BRI--



--EVEN IF
SHE'S BEING
FOOLISH AS
HELL!



WHAT
IS YOUR
CRAZY FRIEND
EVEN--?

HEY,
WHITNEY!

STOP
WORRYING
ABOUT HER--



--WHEN
YOU'RE PLENTY
OCCUPIED!



YOU BROUGHT
VAMPIRES TO FIGHT
ME. SO ALL THAT TALK
ABOUT *FIGHTING*
MONSTERS WAS
JUST TALK?

DID YOU
KNOW THIS WHOLE
TIME THAT YOUR
"MENTOR" WASN'T
JUST A VAMPIRE
BUT ACTUALY
PURE EVIL?

SHUT
UP!



HE'S NOT A FERAL **FREAK** LIKE YOU! HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO HUNT AND USE--

HE'S A **VAMPIRE!** HE KIDNAPPED MY MOTHER FOR SOME WILD-ASS RITUAL!

HE'S GOING TO GIVE ME THE POWER TO TAKE ALL OF YOU DOWN. EVERY **SINGLE** ONE OF YOU MONSTERS.

DO YOU THINK I **CARE** WHERE HE GETS IT FROM?



YOU...KNEW... THIS WHOLE TIME...



...AND YOU CALLED **ME** THE MONSTER?!



WE NEED TO GET EVERYONE TO A HOSPITAL, AND--

NO. **JUST** MY MOM. I NEED YOU TO DROP **ME** OFF.

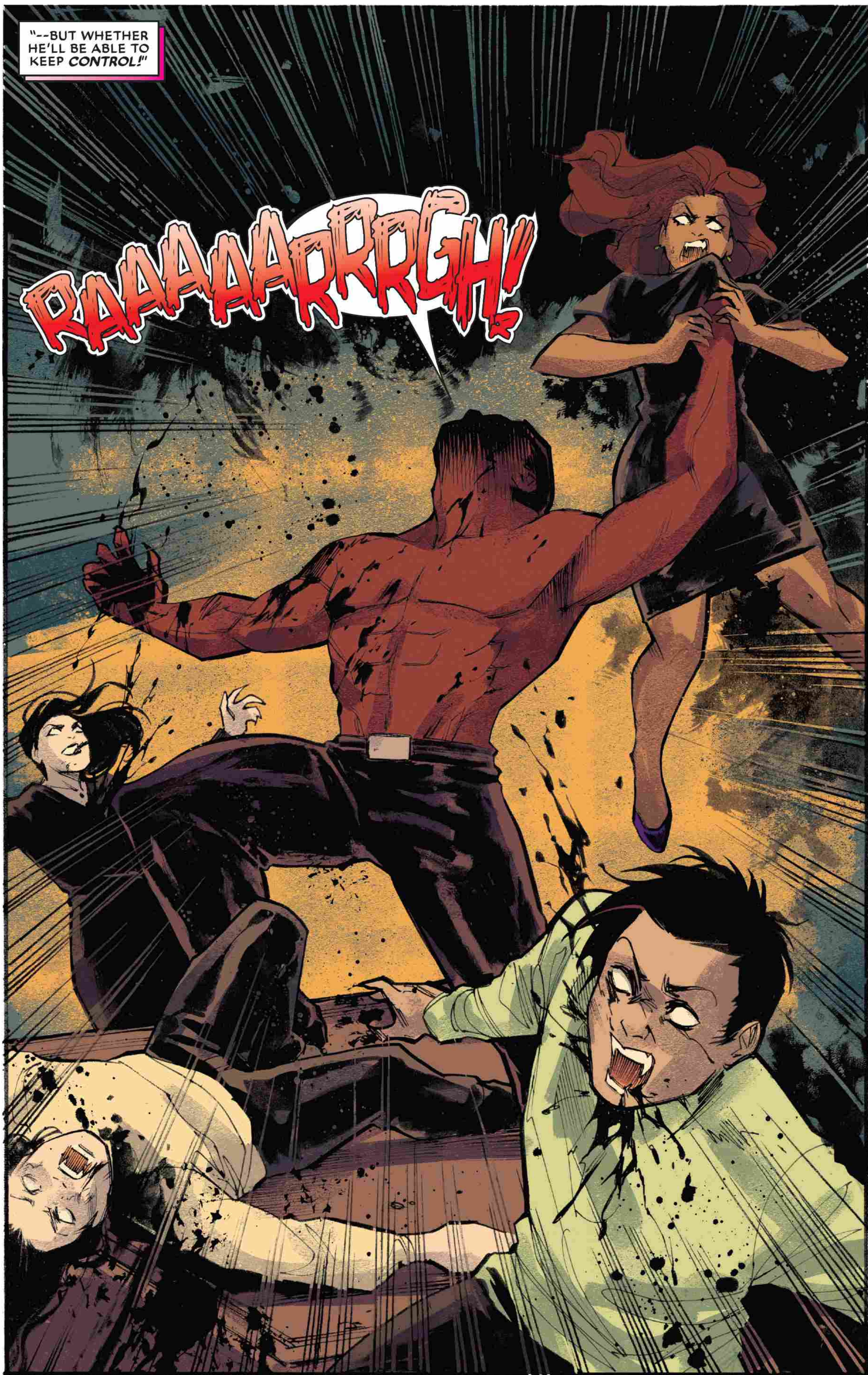


ABSOLUTELY NOT. YOUR FATHER CAN HANDLE HIMSELF--

YOU DON'T GET IT, MOM. I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT WHETHER HE'S ALIVE--

"--BUT WHETHER
HE'LL BE ABLE TO
KEEP CONTROL!"

RAAAARRGH!





OH, BLADE...
YOU ARE AS
INTERESTING AS
I'D HEARD.



YOUR
DRONING ON
ABOUT YOUR
FAMILY WAS
TERRIBLY
BORING.

BUT I KNEW
THROWING ENOUGH
PAIN YOUR WAY
WOULD STOP
ALL THAT.

I'LL OBVIOUSLY
HAVE TO BEAT YOU
BACK INTO SUBMISSION
AGAIN TO FINISH MY
WORK, BUT TO BE
HONEST...



...I LIKE
YOU BETTER
LIKE THIS.

GRRRRRRR...



WIP-P-SH



GR-ARGH!

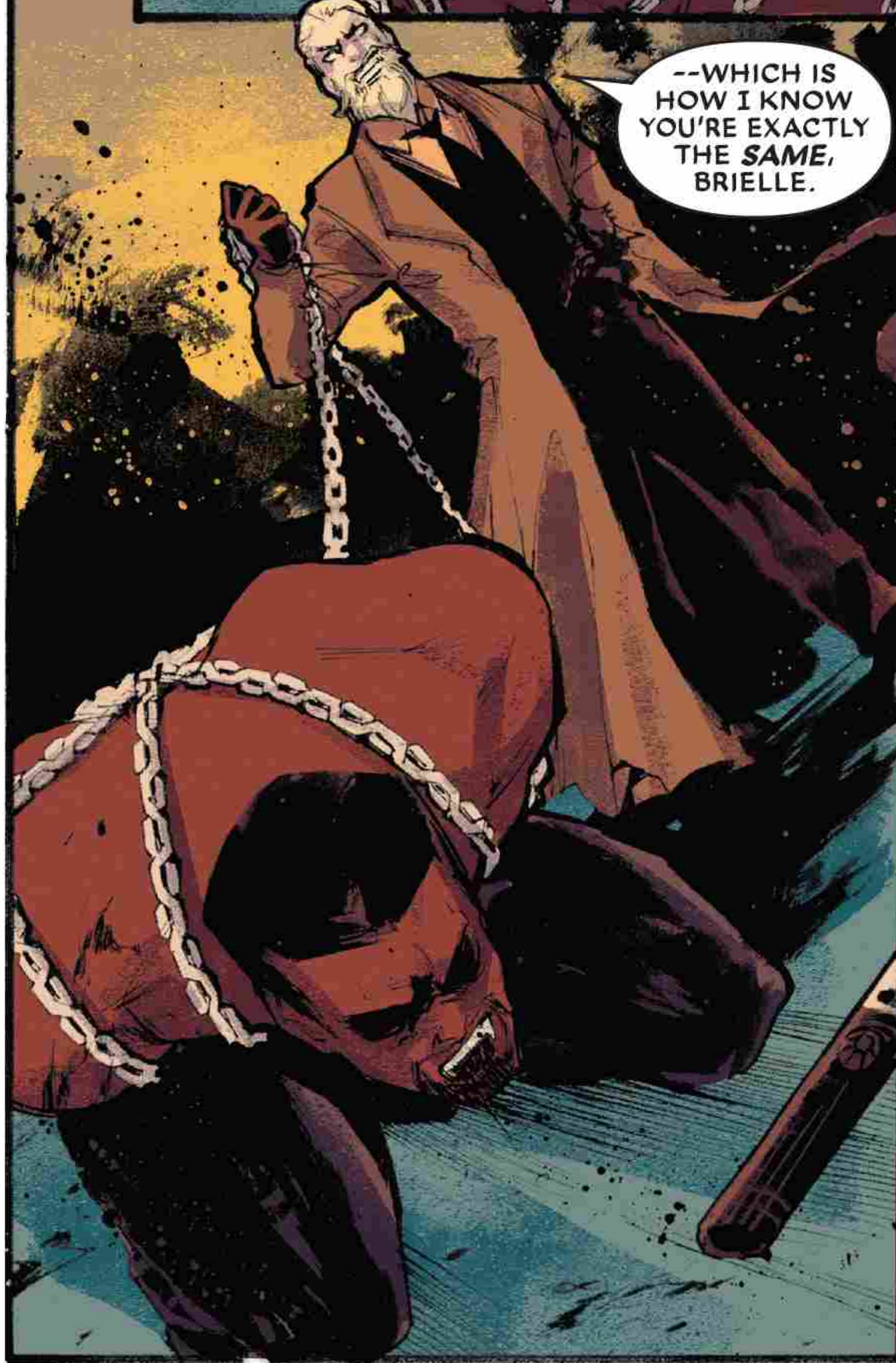
YOU CAN SLASH AT ME ALL YOU WANT, BLADE, BUT I'M IN CONTROL HERE!



FOR ALL OF YOUR "FAMILY" AND YOUR "HEROICS," YOU'RE JUST A FERAL, DESPERATE CREATURE DEEP DOWN.

UNLIKE ME, YOU CAN'T EVOLVE PAST THAT.

AND YOU'RE CURSED TO PASS IT DOWN TO YOUR ENTIRE BLOODLINE, BLADE--



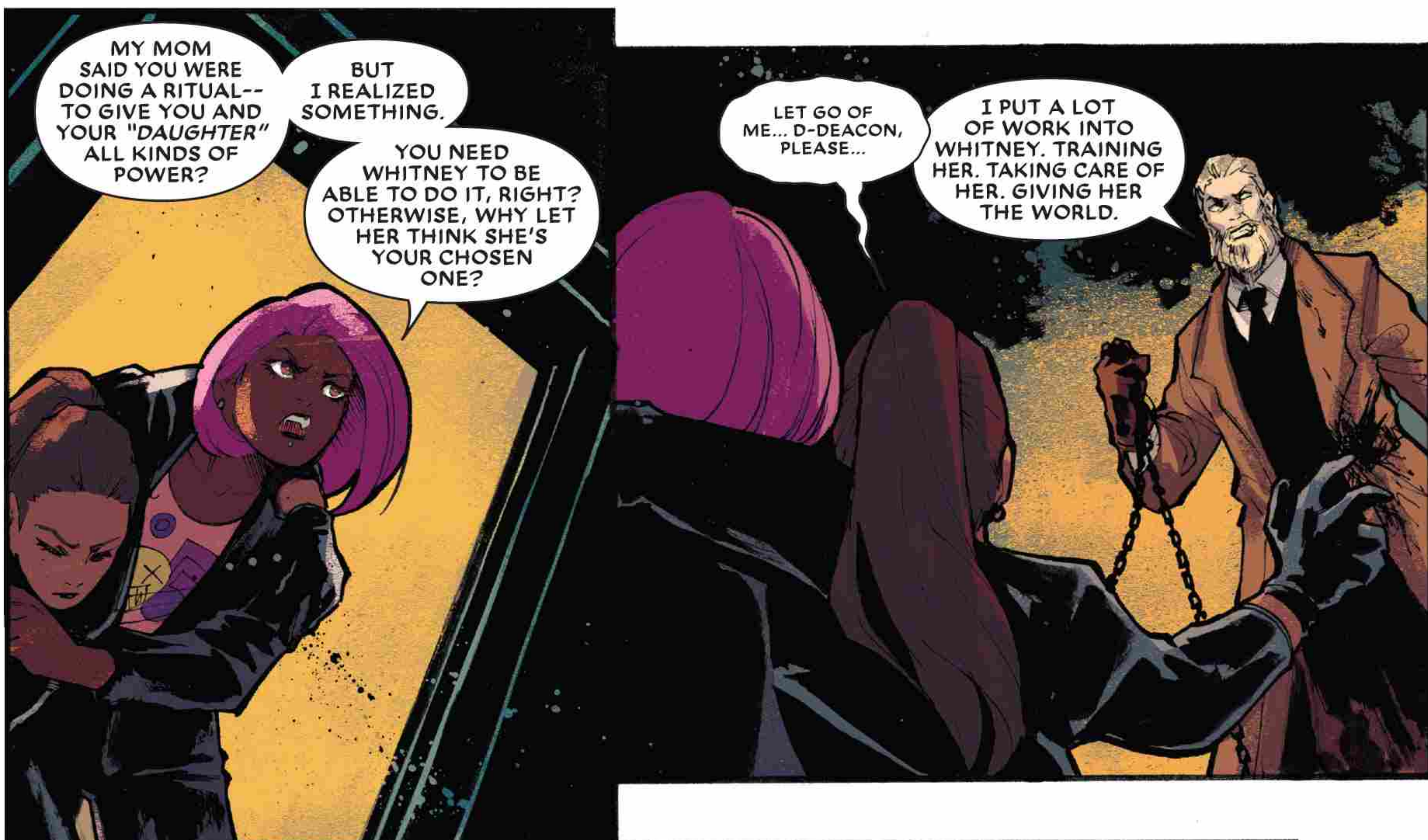
--WHICH IS HOW I KNOW YOU'RE EXACTLY THE SAME, BRIELLE.



YOU WANTED A PARENT-TEACHER MEETING, RIGHT, FROST?

THIS IS AS CLOSE AS YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

OH, EVERYONE I WANTED IS RIGHT HERE.



MY MOM SAID YOU WERE DOING A RITUAL-- TO GIVE YOU AND YOUR "DAUGHTER" ALL KINDS OF POWER?

BUT I REALIZED SOMETHING.

YOU NEED WHITNEY TO BE ABLE TO DO IT, RIGHT? OTHERWISE, WHY LET HER THINK SHE'S YOUR CHOSEN ONE?

LET GO OF ME... D-DEACON, PLEASE...

I PUT A LOT OF WORK INTO WHITNEY. TRAINING HER. TAKING CARE OF HER. GIVING HER THE WORLD.



I SEE WHY YOU'RE USING HER AS A BARGAINING CHIP.



BUT YOU'RE THINKING LIKE SOMEONE'S DAUGHTER.



AND I'M NO ONE'S FATHER.



NO, NO,
NO...



HA! I IMAGINE
YOU THOUGHT YOU'D
PLAY BROKER AND FIGURE
OUT SOME WAY TO SAVE
THE MISGUIDED MORTAL
GIRL ALONG THE
WAY, HUH?



YOU'RE
NOTHING MORE
THAN A LITTLE GIRL
WHO KEEPS FAILING
BECAUSE YOU THINK
EVERYONE IS AS
NAIVE AS YOU.



BUT DON'T
WORRY, BRIELLE.
YOU'LL GROW OUT
OF IT. AND WE
BOTH KNOW...



...WHAT YOU'LL
EVENTUALLY GROW
UP TO **BECOME**.



TELL
ME, LITTLE
DAYWALKER--

DAD,
NO!

RRRRRR...



--WHEN
FACED WITH
FRESH HUMAN
BLOOD...

...WHAT DO
YOU THINK YOUR
FATHER IS GOING
TO DO?



...GRRRRRR...

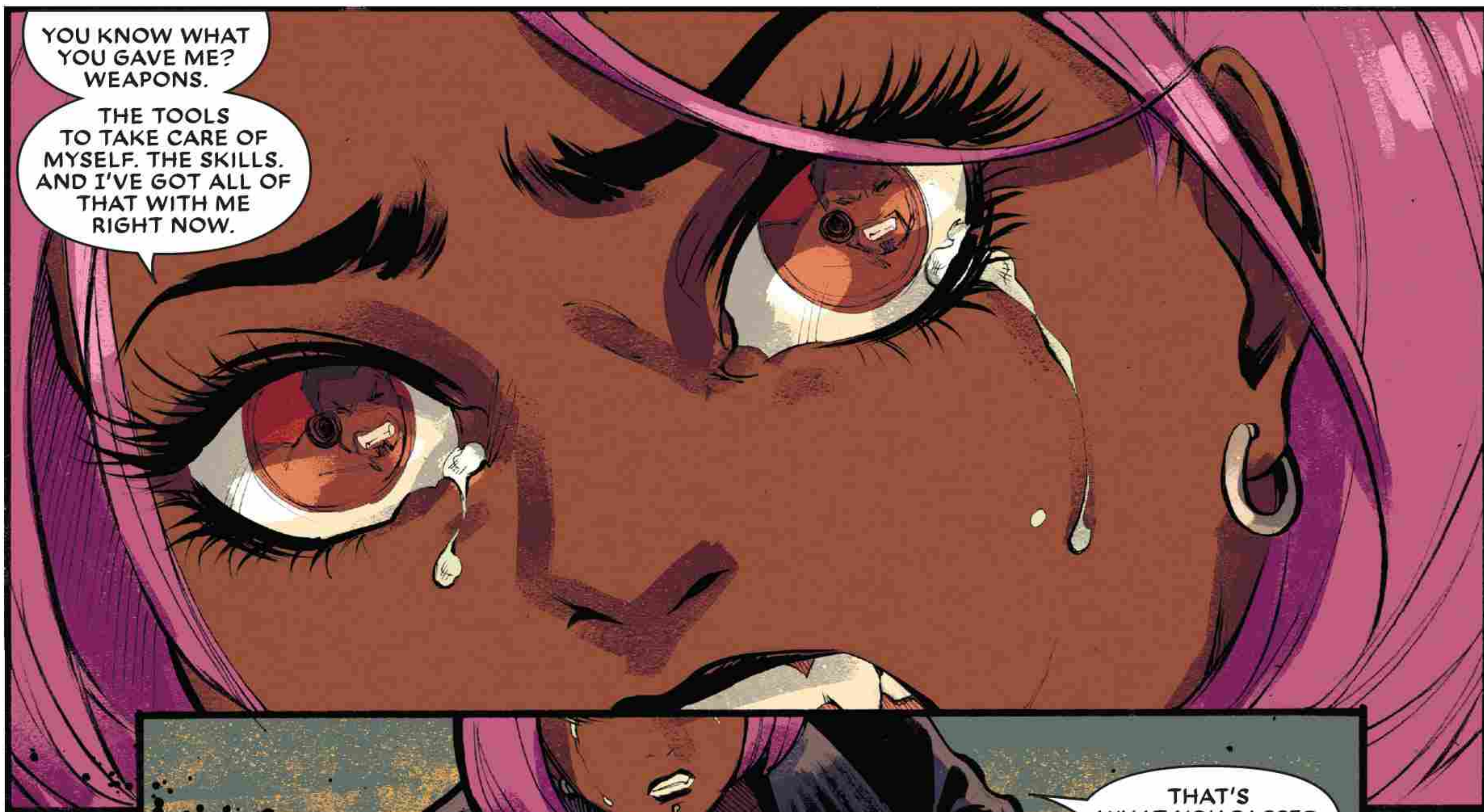
WE'RE NOT
DOING THIS. YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
DO THIS.



I'M
BANKING ON YOU
RECOGNIZING ME
AND MY VOICE
RIGHT NOW.

I CAN'T
LET YOU HURT
WHITNEY, AND
NO MATTER WHAT
DEACON SAID, I
DON'T THINK YOU
WANT TO.

ONLY THING HE GOT
RIGHT WAS THAT I'M LIKE
YOU--WHICH MEANS YOU'RE
LIKE ME. STUBBORN ENOUGH TO
FIGHT THIS JUST TO SPITE SOME
DUDE WHO CALLED US MONSTERS.



YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU GAVE ME?
WEAPONS.

THE TOOLS
TO TAKE CARE OF
MYSELF. THE SKILLS.
AND I'VE GOT ALL OF
THAT WITH ME
RIGHT NOW.



THAT'S
WHAT YOU PASSED
DOWN TO YOUR
"BLOODLINE."

DON'T LET
HIM MAKE YOU
FORGET.



RAAARR!

DAD!!!



SHUNK



IT'S
TAKING MY ALL
TO STAY WITH
YOU.

BUT I'M NOT
THE ONLY ONE ON
THE EDGE. WHOOP
HIS ASS.

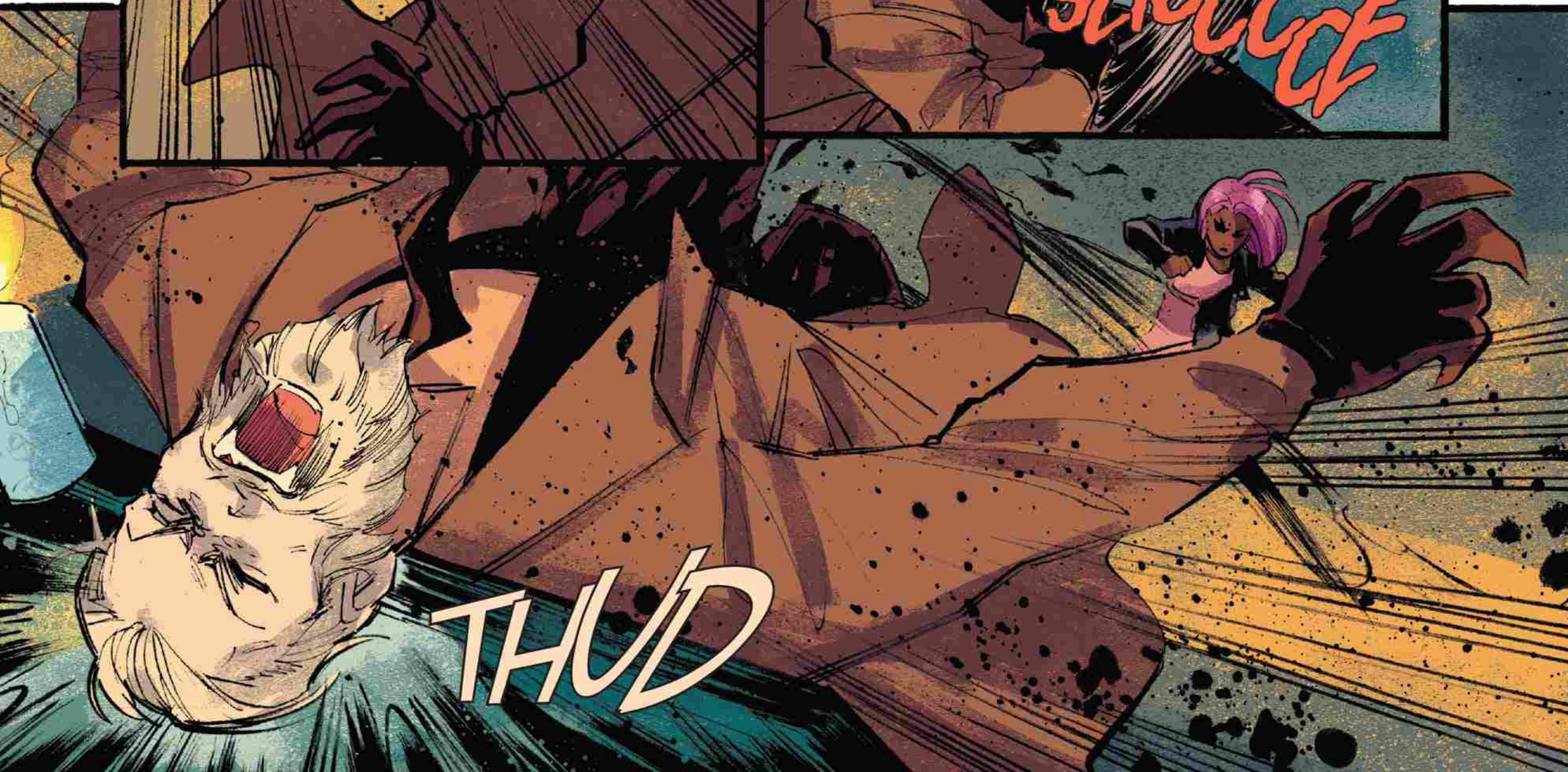
SNAX



BET.



SLUGGCE



THUD



~KOFF~ HAHA.
~KOFFKOFF~



YOU'RE STILL...
TOO WEAK TO DO
IT, AREN'T YOU?
TOO WEAK TO BE
A HUNTER.



BASIC
EMPATHY ISN'T
WEAKNESS.



AND
SHE'S STILL
LEARNING...



...WITH SOME
DAMN GOOD
TEACHERS.

DAYS LATER.

YOU GOT THIS, JAY!

MIGHT EVEN HIT IT NEXT TIME!

MAYBE EVEN HIT IT NEXT TIME--

LEMME SWITCH THIS BAT FOR A CONSOLE CONTROLLER AND THEN WATCH Y'ALL--

SHUT UP AND SWING!

ACK!

SO Y'ALL ARE TRYNA KILL ME, I SEE HOW IT IS...

WE SHOULD DO THIS MORE OFTEN.

WHAT, WATCH JAYDEN FAIL AT SOFTBALL?

PSH. LOOK, YOU MAY BE LEARNING TO FIGHT EVIL, BUT YOU'RE STILL A TEENAGER.

YOU DAYWALKERS ALWAYS DO BETTER WHEN YOU REMEMBER TO HAVE A PERSONAL LIFE.

HMPH.

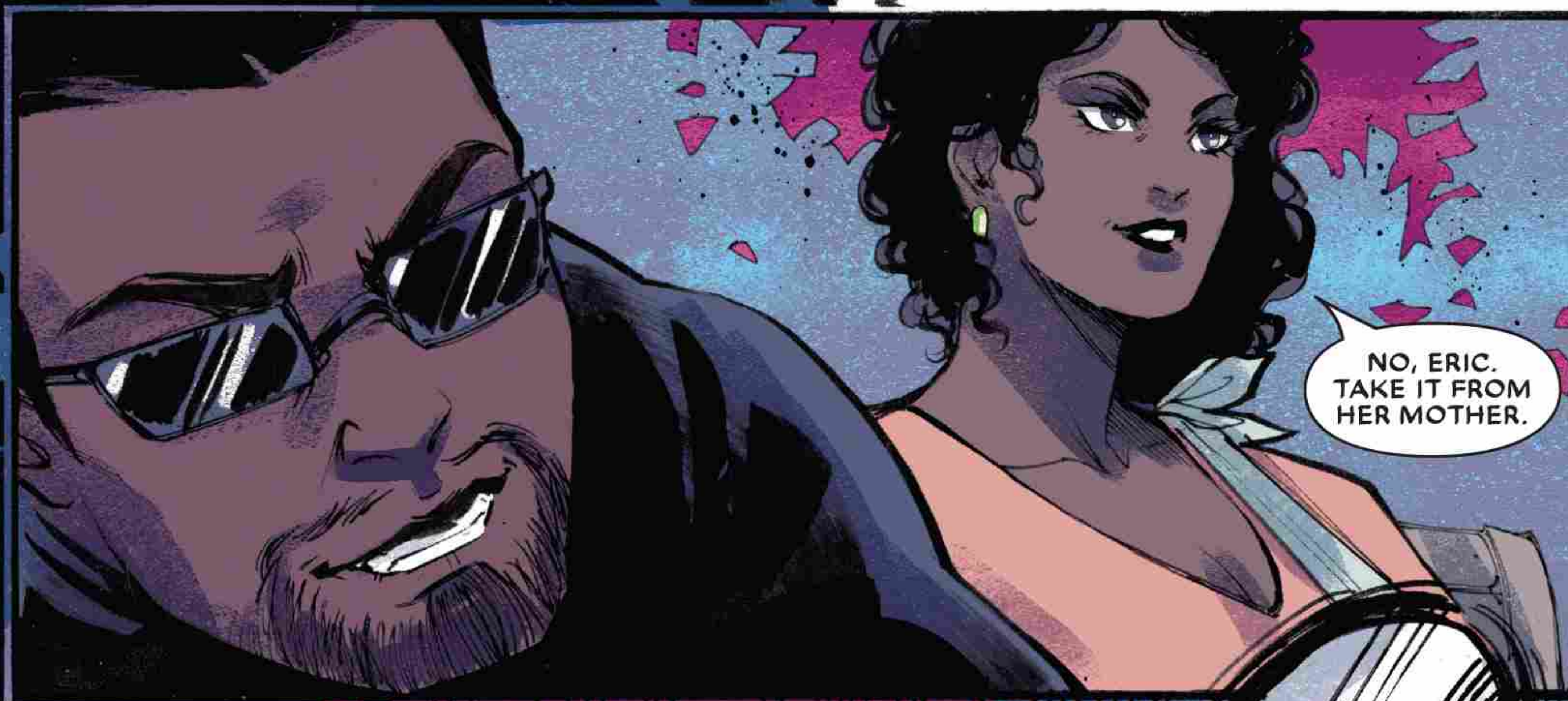
I'M GLAD YOU SUGGESTED IT, MOM.

I'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO EXPLAIN TO REBECCA ABOUT MY, UH... EVERYTHING. THIS WILL HELP.

BUT IT'S HARD.

FEELING LIKE I'VE EARNED THIS. DESERVE IT.





END.



ZONE